



RESTORATION

COMBERMERE, ONTARIO—JUNE, 1959



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No. 6.

A LOVE LETTER TO ALMIGHTY GOD

By Eddie Doherty

Dear Lord God, Creator of Heaven and Earth; We said the Rosary last night in the beauty of Your long summer twilight, on our front lawn. And, as usual, Lord, I was distracted during prayer. Yet, at the same time, I was conscious of Your presence.

The birds were in the trees at the river bank. Robins and purple grackles and swallows and a few sparrows. They twittered and chirped as we prayed. And now and then they went soaring upward, like our Aves. I remembered You in the birds, in their song, their swift flight, their varied colors. And I remembered Your Son and His words about the sparrow.

I looked at the dim clouds to the south, far away white clouds that looked like a collection of soft gray veils. They turned the sky from a deep azure to the shade we know as "baby blue". And I saw You there in the clouds, moving them a little, as though to get a better look at us assembled on the grass of the lawn.

God's Looking-Glass

There was a slight breeze, and it ruffled the water of the lovely Madawaska, close to the nearby sands. But further off, towards the shore near the church hall, the water was still and dark and solid. You held it still, so that I could see the hall and the trees reflected in it. The tall white birches, growing taller each year, went far into the depths of that mirror-like water. I thought of Your Son Who once walked upon the water. Thus, I saw You on the surface of the magic river, and in the trees and the clouds above it, and in the depths below it—where the reflections of the tall white birches stretched themselves so luxuriantly and so lazily.

You were in the breeze that stirred the young bud-leaves of the red maple, and the fresh and pungent foliage in the clump of cedars, and that ruffled the water near the shore. And it seemed to me, that, with the breeze, You were joining us in the praises of Your Mother—"Blessed art thou amongst women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus."

I tried to picture Jesus in the Garden of Olives, a much different sort of garden than that of Madonna House on the bank of the Madawaska. I tried to picture His agony. But my mind wandered, like the wind. My mind is a wind, Lord; and hard to keep blowing in any one direction very long.

Our Mary Davis

I saw the flowers Mary Davis has so carefully tended for Your altar. And I remembered the delight You gave me on that early

May day when I went for a short walk in the woods. I was tired that day, and could not have walked much farther. So You let me see them right away. Those beautiful yellow blossoms. I picked them and brought them home. I didn't know what they were. I only knew You had given them birth, and their beauty of scent and shape and color.

"Dog Tooth Violets", Rosemary cried out when she saw them. "Also known as Adders' Tongues!" She was as delighted as a little girl who sees the first Ice Cream Man of the summer. I felt like the man in my friend Louie Davidson's story, who, in his middle forties decided to be educated, and thus learned—of his astonishment and added self-pride—that, though he did not know it, he had been speaking prose all his life.

Flowers Talk of Love

I had been picking those yellow posies every Spring in Combermere for the last twelve years or so—and had never even tried to find out their name or species. All these years I had gathered the first dog-tooth violets of Your Spring! I had seen You in them. And, I guess, it didn't matter what they were called. By any other name they would still have spoken to me of You.

I saw the wind tease the still water and rub out all the reflections; and I remembered the rapids of the Bonnechere river, the other side of Eganville, where I went one April Sunday with Your priest, Father Briere.

We were not looking for rapids. We were looking for the Bonnechere Caves. We were out for a drive, and we had seen signs, with arrows pointing this way and that, advertising the caves.

We asked directions in Eganville. But nobody knew exactly where the caves were. Nor how to get there—though most of those we asked had lived in this small town all their lives. Eventually we saw a sign, and a pointing arrow. We followed the road a long way. It branched off here and there. There were no signs. And nobody knew whether we were headed in the right or wrong direction.

Nobody Knows

Life is like that too, God. Sometimes we do not know the right road to You. And even those who live close to You do not seem to know exactly how we can reach You. What is that old motto—"The closer to the church, the farther from God?" Maybe there's something in that; but I hope not; for my room is separated from the chapel only by an L-shaped corridor and a tiny bedroom.

We had gone several miles without seeing any signs, without meeting any natives. Then, as we were about to cross a bridge we saw two little girls.

"The Bonnechere caves?", the older one said. "Oh, them!"

She seemed, somehow, disappointed in us. What, in the name of common sense, did two grown up men expect to find in this part of the world, two men in a fine automobile like that? Mere caves?

The car, as You know, Lord, belonged to one of Father Briere's friends; and I suppose it did look magnificent to those little girls.

Oh! Them Caves?

"Them", I said. "Are we anywhere near them?"

"Oh them!", the child said once more. "Just over the bridge. But they're locked up today. The man that owns them is away. They ain't so much anyway. You go in one and out another. And what do you see? Just caves."

We didn't go through the caves, Lord; but we did explore the grounds; and we peeked into one cave-entrance that had a gate on it, and a padlock on the gate.

But I spent most of the time just looking at the rapids in the river. I fancied myself as the narrow river bed into which all this water flung itself so musically, so joyously, so forcefully, so wholeheartedly. You had just fed the stream with the last of Your snows, and the current was swift and full. And I likened it to Your love.

I watched this torrent of Your love pour itself into that narrow

(Continued on Page Four)

On Tiredness

By Jose de Vinck

I am much too tired to write anything decent today, even on tiredness! But to do so is, in a certain sense, to grip the dragon by the tail, and give it a mighty swing. Junior dragons are sent flying in this easy way. Others prove more stubborn, but none is so mighty as to remain unmoved by the powerful combination of a rational mind and a smooth pen (or, to be more accurate, a rattling typewriter: much less poetical, but also less tiring, and thus, less exposed to dragons great or small.)

And so, about tiredness. As happens with many things in this world, some forms of tiredness are good, some bad, and most of them so-so. Let us leave the so-so's to their dreary mediocrity, and concentrate on the extremes. There is a bad tiredness: the exhaustion following upon any exertion that is not for the sake of striving for a goal of pride or covetousness; the killing boredom of work geared to worldly success; the black tiredness of a black conscience; the plodding tiredness of despair. Some such exertions bear their fruits: fame, success, wealth. Many never even reach anywhere near these temporal goals and turn into inescapable drudgery.

But there is also another tiredness: the tiredness of the laborers of love: the mother of ever-hungry, ever-dirty, ever-bruised and tumbling, yet ever-happy children; the husband and father of same who returns home, after a day of work, to the full shock of the day's minor family disasters.

The priest in his endless renewal of the sacrifice of his whole life for the spiritually and physically poor. The young apostle in the apparently useless and monotonous repetition of daily chores.

Good or bad, black or white, tiredness has the same physical effects: a general slow-down of the faculties, a dull headache, loss of vitality and pep, a great desire to stop, sit down, lie down, and sleep... sleep... sleep until the day of judgment.

How could anyone think of sweet repose so long as Christ is crucified? And He is crucified UNTIL THE END OF THE WORLD.

COMBERMERE DIARY

Staff Worker Dennis Happy has been appointed to Marian Centre in Edmonton, from Maryhouse in Yukon.

A companion cabin to St. Veronica's is being built on Madonna House grounds.

Visiting Volunteer Tony Chipolletti of Arnold, Pennsylvania, after several months here, left to become a Tropist Brother in Gethsemani, Kentucky.

Some good friends of Bill Jackson in Hamilton obtained, through wading in the surf of Lake Ontario, a welcome addition to our larder—fresh water smelt.

Father Thomas Traynor, C.S.S.R., gave the staff an excellent Day of Recollection during May.

Thurston Smith of the Information Centre in Edmonton, left this month to take special summer courses at the University of Portland, Oregon.

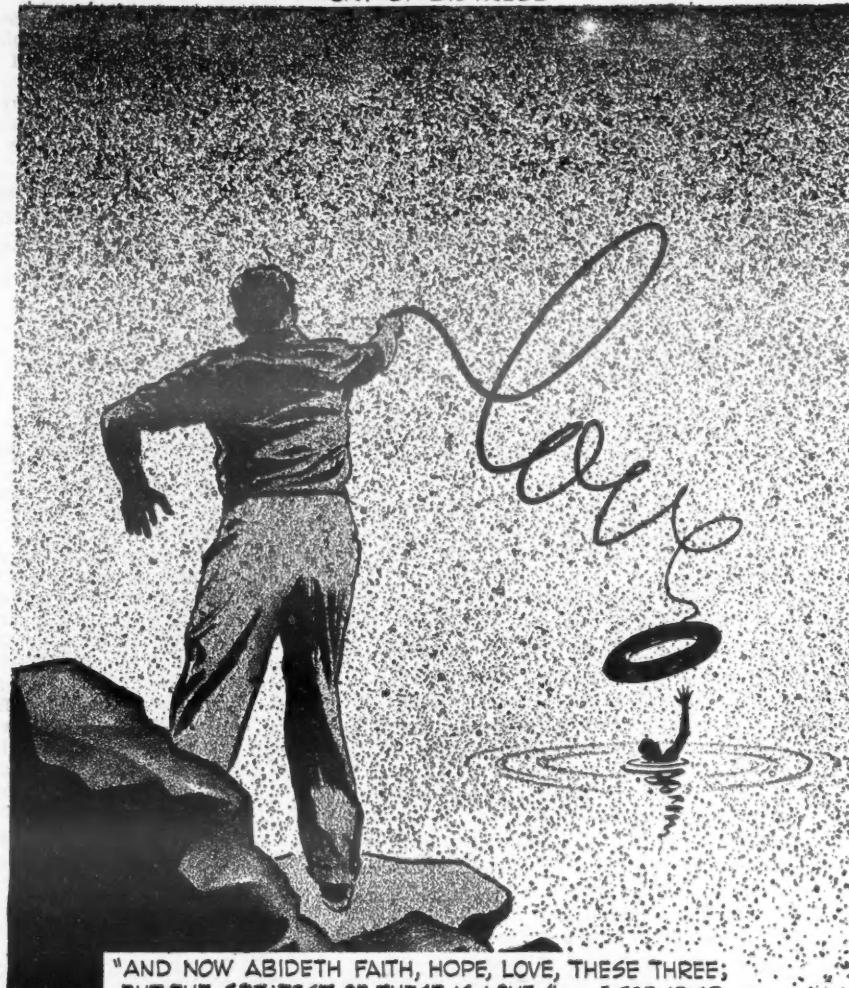
We were privileged to play host to Tom Gibson, and several of his firm, from Toronto, for a pleasant weekend in May.

Our men's department have revived an old Golden Press, and hope to start learning how to print.

We are getting ready for this year's Summer School, and Cana Colony, and hope to welcome back old friends, and make new ones.

May your vacation and holidays be pleasant, healthy, and happy.

CRY OF DISTRESS



"AND NOW ABIDETH FAITH, HOPE, LOVE, THESE THREE; BUT THE GREATEST OF THESE IS LOVE." — 1 COR. 13:13

The Power Of Love

By Rev. Emile Briere

our dad. If father was hard to please, if it was "impossible to please him," then we grow up feeling "unworthy" of approval, unable to be satisfied with any accomplishment in any field, including the spiritual.

In other words, it becomes well-nigh impossible to believe in God's love, to be moved by this dogma, the relationship develops on our part as one of fear, and the thought of death is likely to produce panic. So true is it that our emotions function in symbols.

Safe with Dad

To a child his father is god, strong, omnipotent, all-wise; he protects, nourishes, gives security. Life is liveable only if he is on your side, if he is there to sustain you as you grow up and face your first painful encounters with reality. So small the child, so inadequate the adolescent, so big and terrifying the world, that a strong man (the father) is needed to advise him, direct his first efforts, help him gradually to stand on his own two feet.

Without this man who believes in him, who approves of him, who is pleased at his efforts, an adult faces reality, the simple reality of daily living, filled with apprehensions and gnawing anxieties. And since his father "has let him down", he is automatically fearful that God also is letting him down, that God does not care, that God also is hard to please and dissatisfied with his best efforts.

B. Nauseated by Love

If fear of God can be generally attributed to a deficiency in the father, the emotional rejection of love is generally due to the mother, to the well-known evil called Momism. The essence of Momism is that the mother, because of her own insecurity, loves the child for herself, latches on to him for her own emotional satisfaction.

Unsafe with Mom

As he grows up, the child resents this bitterly; he moves away from her when she wants to embrace him, for he feels, unconsciously but deeply, that his mother

loves herself in him and not him. And the word love becomes nauseating, repulsive until the day he meets a true love, someone who really cares for him, or until he sees a psychiatrist (or, often, a priest) who helps him see and understand.

Such a man is predisposed to feeling that the Love of God is also selfish, crippling, possessive (in the wrong sense) and he may never know the freedom of the children of God. Further, he is inclined to seek for a mother in his wife, to let her run the family, and to behave as a child. Skid row is full of Momma's boys. Often it will be most difficult for him (or her) to have any devotion to Our Lady, to believe in Her. Love to him means being eaten up emotionally by the one who should feed him.

No Judgment

There is absolutely no question here of blaming parents, of judging them harshly. Were they themselves mature, able to give love, or had they entered marriage already more or less crippled emotionally, it is not for us to say. And no man is to blame anybody for his own problems, since, in the loving providence of God we've had the parents that we've had only for a greater love.

But fathers and mothers of this generation have little excuse for not utilizing the knowledge at hand to ensure for their children that emotional stability upon which grace may more easily build.

If you love your children, it will be easier for them to believe in the Love of God and of Our Lady, and easier for them to love God (not only fear Him), and to love the neighbor.

Next month we'll discuss the theological misconceptions which have contributed to our exaggerated fear of the Lord of Love, and our difficulty in "believing" in His Love.

"For the Lord is our life
And the Lord is our love
And blessed are they who live
and who love."

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WHERE LOVE IS — GOD IS —

As the summer progresses, the Church brings us thoughts of love. June being dedicated to the month of the Sacred heart of Christ . . . symbol of perfect love . . . July to the Precious Blood . . . again the symbol of perfect and complete love . . . For greater love hath no man . . . than he who lays down his life for his fellow man.

Yet in our century of figures and facts, when the mind of man seeks endless answers to the mysteries of the universe, and sometimes gets them . . . the ability to love maturely, perfectly, seems to decrease.

There was a time when man came close to understanding what love meant. Perhaps one could even say there were several periods of human history when he did.

There was the age of the Martyrs, when little girls of 13, like St. Agnes, understood all about love . . . Lover . . . and loving . . . For in perfect truth and deep wisdom St. Agnes begged her executioners to go on with the job of killing her . . . "because it did not behoove a bride to make her bridegroom wait".

Christ being so clearly HER BRIDEGROOM . . . and she His Bride. Though she was neither a nun nor yet even a woman . . . Love was outward-going, beautifully selfless. This child knew all about it.

Then there were the dark ages . . . that were in many ways so full of light and wisdom. Then men knew LOVE WAS GOD . . . and if one loved God, and neighbor well and became selfless. A GIVER AND NOT A TAKER . . . then one knew LOVE. This age produced St. Francis of Assisi . . . St. Dominic . . . and many, many other men and women who really truly knew what LOVE was and how to love . . .

Today we humans stand on a strange pinnacle of knowledge. We know much about the mystery of space . . . our planes knife the skies at the speed of sound . . . We have wrestled from nature its secret of nuclear power . . . and we behold its awesomeness daily . . . in fear and trembling . . .

But in the midst of all this technical, factual, knowledge . . . we lose our ability to love. We become SELF-CENTERED, instead of LOVE-CENTERED . . . which simply means GOD-CENTERED . . .

By becoming self-centered . . . we enclose ourselves into the narrow prison of self . . . we become self worshippers. . . We forget that to love is to give. We want to be loved. We want to receive. But love cannot be a one way street . . . we walk our scientific pinnacles in desperate loneliness. Our youth become BEATNIKS, perhaps because we do not even know how to love, with God's love, our own children . . .

Psychiatrists are overworked. They benefit almost against their desires by this state of affairs.

And the Lord of Love stands at all the cross roads of our hearts . . . calling us . . . always calling us . . . to come and rest in Him . . . and learn from Him how to love . . . how to be at peace . . .

We by-pass the music of the heart beats of God . . . We do not remember not to forget . . . that He loved us so much that He died for us . . . That religion is really a love affair . . . between the soul of man and its God.

If only we once more began to love like the Martyrs did. Like the Dark-Light Ages did . . . then, perhaps, the mystery of peace and happiness would be ours for the knowing.

Isn't this the acceptable time to try?

Thy Kingdom Come

Trees
Denis Mapp's Sister

"It is the dream that the Church may be so holy and so completely composed of saints, so Catholic and so human, that her body shall be coextensive with her soul, and vice versa; it is the dream that all the sons of God shall be baptized and instructed in the truth; that all visible creatures shall belong to God as much as does the heavenly kingdom. And in all this there is the primacy of charity: an unbeliever in good faith and in the state of grace is worth infinitely more than a baptized Christian in the state of mortal sin."

—Canon Eugene Masure

Restless singing leaves dance before the face of their Creator. Agile, sensitive to His slightest murmur, with roots crushed deeply into the asetic earth, they toss their carefree heads this way and that . . . mindful, attentive . . . only to their music master. At His breath they tremble. He speaks— and the symphony begins. Quiet savory notes pour forth until gradually all is climaxed in a shrill crescendo! Ah! Joy! Uearthly freedom . . . roots forgotten . . . the sky our only barrier! Mark! That too shall soon be silent. Dulce . . . Planissimo . . . sweetly . . . softly . . . All is over.

RESTORATION

Eddies Of 1959

By Eddie Doherty

On May 7, Ascension Thursday, I saw a great world shrink in size and importance — a world that had seemed unlimited in its scope and of tremendous value. We had a sort of picnic that day at our farm, St. Benedict's Acres, which is about 5 miles away from Madonna House. Most all the Staff Workers and Staff Worker Applicants and Volunteers and Guests were there throughout the day, for hot dogs and potato salad and doughnuts, and what'll you have to drink, tea, coffee, milk, or a purple punch?

And one of our priests, Father Bechard, the chaplain at the farm, with surplice and stole over his cassock, led us all on a procession through the farmyards and buildings, while he blessed everything in sight, and we sang the Litany of the Saints.

Well Is Blessed

It was a colorful and straggly group that followed Fr. Bechard, and sang the Litany. It paused every little while, and Father gave a new blessing. As the marchers came out of the house the choir started:

"Kyrie eleison
Christe eleison
Kyrie eleison
Christi audi nos . . ."

We stopped near the well. "Our help is in the name of the Lord", the priest said. Everybody answered: "Who made heaven and earth."

"The Lord be with you
And with thy spirit."

"Let us pray. O Lord God Almighty, from the depths of this well thou orderest copious water to issue forth out of the pipes. Lend, therefore, Thy assistance and blessing to the office which we perform, so that devilish cunning and deceit may be put to flight and this well may remain cleansed and purified for all time. Through Christ our Lord. Amen."

Fields Are Blessed

The procession continued. "Pater de caelis Deus; miserere nobis."

"Fili Redemptor mundi, Deus; miserere nobis."

"Spiritus Sancte, Deus; miserere nobis."

"Sancta Trinitas, unus Deus; miserere nobis."

"Sancta Maria; ora pro nobis."

Father blessed a workshop. The procession continued. He blessed the cattle. He blessed the barns. He blessed a dynamo. He blessed the chickens. He blessed the pigs. He blessed the fields:

"O God, from Whom every good has its beginning, and from Whom it receives its increase, hear our prayers, we implore, that what we begin for Thy honor and glory, may be brought by the gift of Thine eternal wisdom to a happy ending . . . God of mercy and strength . . . vouchsafe to bless these fields, pastures, and mountain meadows . . . shower thy blessing upon these fields which Thou hast nurtured with favorable weather. Grant to Thy people a sense of constant gratitude for Thy gifts. Destroy any infertility in the land, thus filling the hungry with an affluence of good things; so that the poor and the needy may praise thy wondrous name for all time and eternity."

Autos Are Blessed

"Sancta Caecilia, ora pro nobis."

"Sancta Catharina, ora pro nobis."

"Sancta Anastasia, ora pro nobis."

Father blessed the group of automobiles, station wagons, and trucks in which everybody from Madonna House had come . . .

"With Thy holy hand bless these vehicles. Appoint as their custodians Thy holy angels, ever to guard and keep safe from all danger them that ride herein. And as by thy Levite, Philip, Thou didst bestow faith and grace upon the Ethiopian seated in his carriage and reading Holy Writ, so likewise show the way of salvation to Thy servants, that, strengthened by Thy grace and works, they may attain, after the vicissitudes of this life, the happiness of life everlasting. Through Christ, our Lord. Amen."

After all the blessings the procession entered the house, passed through the kitchen, and wandered, as best it could, up the narrow stairway to the chapel.

And We Are Blessed

That chapel is so small that one priest and two altar boys crowd it. Those hearing Mass usually kneel outside the doorway, in another narrow room; or they stand at the top of the stairway.

On this day, as Father Bechard held the Benediction services, the stairway and the anteroom before the chapel were so crowded that one had difficulty breath-

ing normally. Some of the men could not get all the way up the stairs.

There was no monstrance, but Father held up the Ciborium, covered with the humeral veil, and blessed the people with it.

Outside, a little while before, I had looked far over the hill tops stretching into the blue and gray and purple distance, and wondered at the immensity of the world. Now I watched a priest lift a vessel of Hosts—and I realized the world was only one of thousands of billions God has made — the same God lifted up by Father Bechard to bless me and all the others crowded in that little space.

The world that was so wonderfully wide, that had such unlimited areas, was as little as a grain of sand!

ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST



JUNE 24

Yukon's Five Full Years

By Mamie Legris

Maryhouse, Whitehorse, Yukon—Maryhouse has reached another milestone. On June 13th it celebrates the fifth anniversary of its founding. As that anniversary day approaches my feelings are a mixture of joy and sorrow. Joy to see a small, little apostolate in an almost unknown frontier town grow and expand; sorrow because Kathleen and Louie, who pioneered with me, and Ed, Joe, Terry and Dennis, who spent shorter periods here, are not present to celebrate this joyful day. These have been precious years whose memories I shall always treasure.

Broke? Welcome!

The people of Whitehorse, and I might say the whole Yukon, have always been wonderful to us. But, I am sure in the early days they must have often wondered what kind of people we were. I remember a very prosperous looking gentleman with a Gladstone bag coming to our door one evening and asking for a night's lodgings. I stared at him for a while and then stammered: "You know we have a hotel in this town and I doubt if you would like our accommodations. You see we only take people who have no money."

He looked at me, smiled, and said: "Well, this is an unusual place indeed; I never heard of people being welcomed because they had no money. Fr. Tanguay, our missionary, told me about Maryhouse and I would like very much to stay here and meet the staff." As he said goodbye next day, he slipped a twenty-dollar bill into my hand. He and his wife still visit us, and each time there is the twenty-dollar bill, "just to help a little with your work."

Maryhouse has become a place of security for many. Last Saturday while Fr. Gene was giving our monthly day of recollection, a taxi driver holding up a shaking woman, came into the chapel. The woman, he said, had taken a heart-attack while visiting a friend and had phoned him to bring her to Maryhouse.

Case of Shakes

He helped me to take her to the dormitory at St. Catherine's and departed. She continued to shake violently. I told her she should have gone to a hospital, which was closer than Maryhouse and the nurses and doctor could have helped her.

"But," she said, "I feel safe here."

When I finally contacted the doctor he told me she was a bad alcoholic, and had the "Shakes", not a heart attack. Helen spent the night here and then returned to her friend's place in the morning.

Maryhouse has become a place where people unload their troubles. Last night a good lady who has enough troubles to kill three women, spent a couple of

hours unburdening herself, had some tea and cake, and when she left said: "The pain in my arms has gone and my back isn't sore any more."

Maryhouse has become a place where not only ordinary transients are lodged and fed, but where the mother of a hungry family can get a box of food to take home to her children. There is one shy, little woman who comes often. Sometimes it is for clothing; sometimes it is for food. When I see her with her head bent down and her fingers in her mouth, I know she wants food.

Wood and Food? Good!

Maryhouse is a place where you can get all sorts of things. Yesterday, a poor friend of ours phoned Father Gene. Her husband had gone to the woods in an unroadworthy old truck to get a load of wood. He had been away a week and she was worried about him. Besides, she and the children had no food nor wood—she had been burning sawdust to keep warm. In a few minutes Father was there with food and wood from Maryhouse.

Maryhouse is a place where the alcoholic is not refused. A few days ago Constable Schram, a Mountie, knocked on our door. He said: "I have a problem. I have an alcoholic in the car. He isn't drunk, nor is he very sober. He has been evicted from the hotel, expects to get some money from his sister to fly to Vancouver tomorrow. He needs a place to stay tonight. Will you keep him?" He spent the night here and left two days later.

Maryhouse is a place where a good, Catholic library is growing bigger and bigger. As I write this, our little friend, Joe Van Vugt is busy building another row of shelves so that we will have room for more good books.

Loves Our Lady

Maryhouse wouldn't be much of a place if there weren't great love of Our Lady here. It wouldn't be much of a place if we didn't get others to love her a great deal. So, we come to a very important part of our work — the Legion of Mary.

Every Wednesday night, seated around a table in our library, are Father Gene, Betty McNeill, Pete Ericson, and the seven Indian boys and girls who comprise the Junior Legion of Mary in the Yukon. From this nucleus we hope there will spread an ardent love for Our Lady of the Yukon all over the Territory.

As a new year dawns for Maryhouse, we beg you to pray that our small, daily chores be done with much love, and be pleasing to Mary, whose house we live in.

THE FILES CRIED IN THE NIGHT

By Catherine Doherty

Lately there are many discussions going on in the Lay Apostolate about primary and secondary aims . . . personal sanctification and the Restoration of the world to Christ.

Both are weighty and important subjects, yet often perhaps treated in a rather abstract manner, on a high intellectual level. True it is wholesome and good to discuss these points theologically, spiritually, via scriptures . . . but to me, the things of God, like God Himself, are simple.

It is we who are quite complex. And there must be a time when the things of the spirit are as it were "played by ear" . . . Or to put another way **LOVE IS LIKE THAT . . . IT IS INGENIOUS AND WILL FIND ENDLESS WAYS TO EXPRESS ITSELF.**

Both personal sanctification and the restoration of the world to Christ, are matters of **LOVING, ARE A LOVE AFFAIR BETWEEN GOD AND MAN . . . AND MAN AND GOD.** It would be foolish for a bride or bridegroom on their honeymoon to take along a book on "how to make love".

A Teller of Tales

Our apostolate had been thrashing out all these questions most seriously, perhaps a little too seriously and abstractly . . . for my taste. So, in the manner of my people, I told them a story about the files that cried in the night.

Like other working groups, we have files that contain the names of friends, benefactors, subscribers, people we deal with. The filing work is a dull business. Attentions are distracted. Monotony becomes rather painful. And mistakes happen too often, necessitating checks and re-checks, which make great demands on the common good, charity, and work plans.

The work, though the very sine qua non of an apostolate, unless properly evaluated, can become a very dull, uninteresting, monotonous

job. Properly approached, it can become a short cut to sanctity . . . a glorious page of the book of love of God and neighbor that each lay apostle writes with his daily life.

Listen! What's that?

One night a strange unearthly sound was heard in the office of Madonna House. I got up to investigate, and found the files crying bitterly in the dark of the night.

Each three-by-five little card had a different way of crying. Some wept softly, some loudly, some heavily, some lightly. All together their crying made a sad mournful melody.

Amazed at the sights and sounds that greeted me in the quiet austere room, I sat down, opened all the filing drawers and tried to console the cards stacked in them. But they would not be consoled.

I asked what was the matter.

The answers I got staggered me. For card after card answered, with sobs. They said that few in the apostolate realized the cards really were not cards at all, but people . . . souls! They said they all were a very, very special part of our apostolate, one that was neglected, spiritually speaking, because the people who worked on them, saw them only as little pieces of cardboard . . . or a series of names to be filed alphabetically. They were, alas, soul-less, faceless, things of boredom, and of slight importance.

What a Card— Eh?

When the chorus ended, card after card told its story.</

THE TRAINING OF A LAY APOSTLE

By Catherine Doherty

Having just completed a series on THE ROLE OF THE PRIEST IN THE LAY APOSTOLATE, which I presented diffidently and humbly, I would like to discuss the next most important question, namely the TRAINING OF A LAY APOSTLE.

I confess I feel much more at home here. But yet I also know that my experiences are both limited and not unique. Still twenty-nine years in the Lay Apostolate have given me a few pointers which I would like to share with my fellow Lay Apostles everywhere, hoping and praying that perhaps they will, in turn, share with us their experiences in this important field.

Now Is The Time

I firmly believe that the time has come for an appraisal . . . a pooling of our common experiences. For it becomes exceedingly evident, that the Lay Apostolate is here to stay. The need for it is growing by leaps and bounds. In the near future it will "cover the face of the earth," as it was meant to do.

I recently completed a round-trip of some 8,000 miles in the U.S.A. and Canada, meeting everywhere my fellow Lay Apostles, either in Secular Institutes, or in Pious Unions (the preliminary step that leads to Secular Institutes) or even the Apostolates like the Y.C.W., the Y.C.S., the C.F.M., who do not bind their organizers for a life time dedication . . . everywhere I found the need for clarification about THE TRAINING OF NEW MEMBERS.

All of us are facing it. Many have faced it already. The pooling of our experiences would help all. Perhaps, eventually, a synthesis could be even arrived at. Perhaps some day soon, we will have regional, or maybe even national and international (Canada and U.S.A.) meetings, with ALL THE TIME IN THE WORLD TO DISCUSS AND CLARIFY SUCH THINGS AS TRAINING . . . and many other points that are crying for clarification.

A Few Ideas

However while waiting for this to happen I thought I might express a few ideas gathered in twenty-one years of work in and with a FREE CATHOLIC ACTION GROUP, (Friendship House, of which I was the foundress) and eight years of directing and guiding MADONNA HOUSE, a Pious Union on its way to becoming a Secular Institute; which is a totally dedicated, life-long, apostolate in which all members bind themselves under promises (and later vows) to Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience.

But before I go into the depths of the training question, I would like to state a few points that I think every directorate, or the leaders of ANY Lay Apostolic group, are facing and will have to face for many years yet to come. And these points are:

Strange New World

1. The emotional problems (neuroses) of modern man, which includes modern youth, that comes so generously to answer the hard vocation of restoring the world to Christ in its market places.

2. The strange set of wrong values that this very wonderful modern youth is filled with. To mention but a few:

a. Work attitudes. And attitude to work.

b. Keeping up with the Joneses.

c. What will the neighbors say. (Based on wrong human aspect).

d. A knowledge of their Holy Faith that often is very profound intellectually, yet a strange irrealization of the simple fact that Religion is a LOVE AFFAIR BETWEEN GOD AND MAN.

Before one is confronted with spiritual formation, or intellectual and spiritual training, one has to face these facts and proceed to adapt oneself and one's training centre to these conditions.

Emotionally Immature

Let us discuss these a little more in detail. Neuroses. The medical profession in its psychiatric branch claims, and the claims can be verified, that eighty per-cent of our modern population suffers from one form or another of neurosis. This means that ALL VOCATIONS, including Priestly, Religious, Marriage must be examined for symptoms of emotional immaturity. His Holiness, Pope Pius in a letter to Ordinaries and Major Superiors took cognizance of this state of affairs, explaining that neurosis in its milder form was not an im-

pediment to vocation. HE SAID MAJOR SUPERIORS SHOULD MAKE ADEQUATE PROVISIONS FOR MEDICAL HELP FOR THESE YOUNG PEOPLE.

This we must do. We, especially, whose members will be working in the so called "stress and strain" areas of the world. We can do it by training our medical personnel in psychiatry, and counselling. It would be well too, to have a psychiatric evaluation made of prospective applicants, as so many major and older religious orders do. This would enable us to determine if we can help our candidates within our own apostolic group, or ask them to seek specialized and higher medical psychiatric help.

Emotional-Spiritual

Besides learning these newer approaches to the emotional problems in youth, those in charge of foundations, departments, training centres, should also be able to distinguish the emotional aspect from the spiritual, so as to direct youth to the proper sources of help.

As to the strange set of wrong values of modern youth, including our own Catholic Youth — even the so called "cream" that too should be faced fairly and squarely by the directors of Lay Apostolic groups, and special pre-training time be allotted to straighten these out on all fronts — the practical . . . the spiritual . . . the intellectual. Perhaps the first wrong attitude, that of WORK, should be tackled first. For, frankly, rare is the young man or woman, who has the slightest knowledge of what, only one or two generations ago, was taken for granted. The average woman in her twenties DOES NOT KNOW HOW TO COOK, MEND, SEW, DUST, OR CLEAN. The average man of the same age SELDOM HAS HELD A HAMMER AND NAILS IN HIS HANDS. THE HOE IS AN INSTRUMENT HE WOULD NOT KNOW WHAT TO DO WITH. He may know a little about cars. But can he fix a toaster?

Work Is Prayer

There is also a tremendous ignorance on what any kind of work is. And the time it takes! The concentration needed for it! The pride of achievement in a job well done! Work to most of our youth today is something one does the least of, for the most money one can get. And, if one has to do it . . . well, let's drag this out as long as we can" . . . the sort of slow-down technique some workers are accused of.

To re-teach the whole Christian attitude to work is not easy. It truly embraces the teaching of theology, scripture, and liturgy . . . yet none of these will "penetrate at first, because of the NEUROSES with which they come, and which for the most part are slight—but consist in the inability to concentrate, absorb, co-ordinate, in restlessness, almost perpetual emotional "tiredness", and a host of other symptoms that interfere with an intellectual approach to the subject.

Divine Love Affair

The same applies to the wrong emphasis on "human respect with which they come. It also applies to their relations to God . . .

Few of them, even in catholic places of learning, have truly MET CHRIST, GOT TO KNOW HIM AS A PERSON, REALIZED HE LOVED THEM FIRST, AND THAT ALL MATTERS OF RELIGION ARE A LOVE AFFAIR BETWEEN GOD AND MAN.

Much Jansenism still prevails in our modern era . . . Much Protestantism, or shall we call it Puritanism? has infiltrated itself into the Catholicism that was their heritage.

ALL THIS MUST BE FACED, before the real training begins. We at Madonna House face it. Otherwise much precious time will be lost. And the end product will not always be satisfactory.

In my next article I will continue to discuss these weighty and important matters.

Deo Gratias

For the music of the waters, For the wild wind's melody, For the arch of heaven's splendor, For the secrets of the sea, For the wonders of the night-time, For the glory of the day, For the blessed joy of living:

DEUS EGO AMO TE

For the pearly flush of rose-leaves, For the flower-scented air, For the trembling hush of dawn-ing, For the beauty everywhere, For the joy of friendly faces, For the graces of each day, For the hope of winning heaven:

DEUS EGO AMO TE.

Lulie.

LOOKS AT BOOKS

The Miracle of the Mountain by Alden Hatch, Hawthorn Books Inc., Publishers, New York, 1959, \$4.95. The miracle is Brother Andre, the little Holy Cross religious who began his life's work at the age of sixty when the first small (sixteen by ten) shrine to St. Joseph was built on the slopes of Mount Royal, in 1904.

The extraordinary growth of the shrine since these modest beginnings, the millions of pilgrims, the numerous conversions and miracles which have taken place there, all attest to the fact that "God's ways are not our ways", that "God chooses the weak things of this world to confound the wise", that St. Joseph, himself such a modest man, selected another modest man to be the principal promoter of devotion to Christ's foster-father in this century, and perhaps for all time.

Here is the story of Brother Andre, of his early childhood, his trials, his virtues and his dreams. He could barely read or write (his writings consist only of two short letters to relatives). All through life he was plagued with very poor health—his meals consisting mostly of bread and milk—and yet his life reads as one long day of work. He became, in his last years, the most sought after man on this continent. The great ones of the world, and the little people, the rich and the poor, flocked to him and to St. Joseph for help.



He died in early January, 1937, (His last words were: "How I suffer! My God! My God!") In 1940 the Archbishop of Montreal opened an official inquiry into his life and virtues, and on April 15 of last year the Cardinals of the Sacred Congregation of Rites voted that the Cause be presented to the Holy Father for his approval. The next step would be the Process of Beatification.

In presenting the Cause to the Cardinals, the Advocate wrote: "Although minds are attracted in admiration of remarkable goodness joined to knowledge and doctrine, those qualities which shine forth from simplicity and openness of soul are even more compellingly attractive to us. For this sort of simplicity is to be considered as the highest wisdom, especially as it is appointed not to teach, but rather to love in the hidden places of the cloister . . . It seems therefore fitting that this fame of holiness, which each year grows and spreads, should now be given the supreme sanction; for nothing will be of greater use to our proud era than that this example of love, humility, and poverty, in the person of Brother Andre, be held up as an example to all so that they may learn to know true salvation, light and peace."

Sanctity has nothing to do with a way of life; sanctity can be found in any way of life, providing it be God-centered; sanctity is for all. In his oration at Brother Andre's funeral, the late Cardinal Villeneuve had this to say: "This morning we celebrate the feast of humility . . . You the humble ones of the earth, as you return to your daily labors and to your burdens and sorrows, think of the divine seal which the Lord places on a humble life . . .

That is what makes a book like "The Miracle of the Mountain" important to our generation. It spreads the message, the truth, the reality that God desires all to be saints, that He makes it possible for all to be saints, that nothing is essential to sanctity except childlike virtue, trusting love, and a total conformity to the lovable will of God.

—E.B.

THE DOG WHO WAITED

By John Carmel

I'm just an old dog, scruffy and unkempt, worn out by much puppy-raising, pushed around even by my own son. Most of the summer day I'm content to be dozing in some shady corner; unless, of course, a walk to the House of Gold is in the offing, or one of those rare trips in the truck to St. Benedict's Acres.

Yes, I'm old and slightly irritable, and although there's still plenty of life in me, I tire easily. So to lie dozing and let the life of Madonna House swirl around me is usually enough. Staff Workers pass to and fro, sometimes halting to give me a pet. Visitors drive up on errands of mercy or business. The occasional oil tanker pulls in to unload its liquid cargo; and the whole day is punctuated by the bell calling to chapel, to class, or to meals.

A Dog's Tale

Season follows season, transforming the picturesque contours of the grounds. It is quite a picturesque spot, and a good one for a dog to live in. I am content. I let the world go by as I gaze on through sleep-heavy eyes, oblivious, usually, to all but the most unexpected. But not always, not always. At times the cross that tops the chapel will flash or sparkle in the sunlight, and then into my mind comes back a story, a strange heart-warming story told long long ago, and passed on from generation to generation.

In one way the story puzzles me. Nowhere in the New Testament, so I am told, is any mention made of that first "Dominus canis", the hound of the Lord. I'm also told that there is no mention of The Lord's humor either. Can it be that some things are too intimate or too sacred even for Holy Writ? My mother, though, assured me that He did have a dog, a most faithful one; and she charged me to pass on to others that tale of long ago.

The Crucifixion, it appears, had been over some hours; and the body of Jesus had been wrapped in white linen. And, only partly embalmed, it lay silent in the cliff-hewn tomb, across whose narrow entrance had been rolled a huge circular stone. The Sabbath night had come down, clear and cold, and all the Apostles and Holy Women had gone, leaving behind only the soldiers, the guards, who, seated around a blazing fire, discussed the day's strange events and—at a distance, quiet and almost unobserved—His dog, who, inseparable from His master in life, had refused to abandon Him in death.

Thy Go To Joseph

Little disturbed the night but the changing of sentries and the occasional crackle of the fire.

Dawn came, and with it a fresh detachment to relieve the old guard. But still the dog stayed on watching, waiting. Morning passed, slow, uneventful. The day dragged on until evening came down on a guard, sleepy and bored, now that the excitement had died down and all appeared quiet and peaceful. The blazing fire burned low and was rekindled fitfully.

As another dawn broke, the waiting, watching dog, pricked up her ears, glanced sharply at the tomb, and rose up. Slowly but unmistakably the stone was rolling back. With a bound of joy, the dog leaped to the entrance and into those strong kindly arms, and once again she licked those beloved features, now shining in glory.

"Canicula mea", murmured the Lord of Heaven and Earth as He pressed His face against her soft fur. "Canicula mea, let us, too go to Joseph." And so, to the saints who had waited, with St. Joseph at their head, went Master and dog.

This is the story my mother told me, as I remember it. But as I've said, I'm old, and perhaps a little confused. Yet sometimes I think I see those Sacred Feet walking across the lawns. And at His heels there pads a homely dog, as scruffy and unkempt as I am myself.

BOOKS FOR SALE

Antique books . . . still available:

Life of Christ, Rev. Walter Elliott, Paulist Frs., Columbus Press, N.Y., 1906. Good condition, profusely illustrated.

Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, with the History of the Devotion to Her. Completed by the Traditions of the East, the Writings of the Fathers, and the Private History of the Jews: Trans. from the French of Abbe Orsini by Mrs. J.

Sadlier, D & J Sadlier Co., N.Y. 1856. Fair condition.

Life in the Sick-Room—Essays with an Introduction to the American Edition by Harriet Martineau. Wm. Crosby Pub., Boston, 1845. Very good condition.

Life of the Empress Josephine, Wife of Napoleon I, Porter & Coates, Philadelphia, 1870. Very good condition.

Light That Failed, Rudyard Kipling, H. M. Caldwell Co., N.Y. & Boston 1890. Good condition.

Little Book of Nonsense, Eugene Field, Mutual Book Co., Boston, 1901. Fair condition.

Little Follower of Jesus — A Book for the Young Folks. Rev. A. M. Grussi, P. J. Kennedy, N.Y., 1901. Very good condition, based on "The Following of Christ".

Lives and Deeds of Our Self-Made Men, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Estes and Lauriat, Boston, 1889. Fair condition.

Lives of the Presidents, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur by William O. Stoddard, Frederick A. Stokes & Bro., N.Y. Pub. 1889. Good condition—half bound in leather—gold embossed.

Love-Songs of Childhood, Eugene Field, Charles Scribner, N.Y., 1896. Good condition.

Man of the House, by Pansy Ward, Lock & Co., London; very good condition—no date.

Manual of the Children of Mary, for the use of all the establishments, schools and orphan asylums of the Srs. of Charity, P. J. Kennedy, N.Y., 1878. Good condition.

Maximes du Duc De La Rochefoucauld, Preface de Paul Souday, J. M. Dent & Co. London and G. P. Putnam, N.Y., 1908. Good condition—leather bound—gold embossed.

Le Mere De Dieu, Fr. Capelastro, Cunningham, Philadelphia. Approx. 1862. Very good condition.

Communion books and other gifts of that kind for children. This must have been one of our biggest business days on record; I haven't counted the receipts yet, but the bills are bulging out of our money box.

How can I write this letter, you may ask, if we're so busy and the day's not over yet? Well, I've been going at it in fits and starts for the last two hours, having got this far. And I know if I'm to make your Combermere deadline, I've got to get this piece off to-night.

By the way, how is the circulation of your favorite newspaper now? I'll bet Diane is doing a great job. Sometimes I miss that old circulation department; but I'm getting so much into the swing of things here, after a year on the job, that, with the help of God and Our Lady, I hope next year I'll be able to put this new knowledge to work.

A Pair of Stares

Heh! I just had a man come to the open door (it is such a warm evening that the door is still open) and stare intently at me for about five seconds. What did I do? Why, in as polite a way as possible, I stared back. Who knows what he was thinking? Every day, there is somebody (or many somebodies) who comes and peers in here. I can tell you this place has no little impact on the local citizenry.

It is impossible to assess that impact. But people are always stopping to read the diocesan paper stuck to our door. Or their eye may be caught by a pamphlet in the window (we have a selection now on Our Lady of Fatima; last week we had a film night on Fatima which was quite a success). Some wander through to the chapel, during the course of the day, to say a prayer. Others get as far as a little table piled high with free literature.

I just had four rowdy young boys in here, and they handled all the medals and rosaries. So I gave them a rosary apiece. But that wasn't enough. They wanted to make fun of this place; they started following their ring-leader, a wild-eyed fellow who had dyed his hair red. He went into the chapel and started saying a mock prayer. In a short while I was able to get them all out.

God Has Friends

These poor kids! A complete lack of love! Yes, I was praying to St. John Bosco and the Holy Ghost. Don Bosco would have known how to treat these kids. Roaming the streets at 9:30

JOURNEY INWARD

By Catherine Doherty

When I was a girl going on pilgrimages with my mother, I used to sit with the "young ones" on the sweet smelling hay, which usually made our beds for the night (we slept in haybarns hospitably offered by humble hosts along the roads), and listen to what the older folks had to tell. They had made many "holy journeys to so many holy shrines".

I remember a tall, middle-aged, beautiful peasant woman, who used to ask people if they were "changed" after a pilgrimage. She said she knew she was. What she meant was that she hoped she cooperated with the graces of this journey. But she had a most wondrous way of explaining, in simple language, what changes occurred in her soul. She did it humbly too.

A little poem came to my mind, one I wrote some time ago . . . about my long earthly pilgrimage so fraught with many changes.

Today
My Heart
And I . . .
Remember
So many
Things,
That seemed
To have got
Lost
Along
The way
Of our
Journey

They come . . .
They go . . .
Like
Fleeting
Clouds
On a clear
Summer day . . .

Who am I
Today
That
I should stay
On earth
And make
Believe
That I
Am the "I"
Who was
So long ago . . .
For I am
Not
The "I"
Who lived
So many years
In a strange
World
Of men
And deeds . . .
Of life
And death
And pain and
Tears . . .

Today
I am a flame . . .
A light!—
That burns
Bright
And consumes
Me all,
Without consuming . . .

I am a hunger
That knows
It cannot
Eat its fill!

I am a wanderer
Who has no
Home . . .
For how
Can I rest
In my quest
For the Love
That I must
Touch
Now and again . . .
Or die
A thousand deaths?

What am I
Today?
But emptiness
That must
Be filled?
I walk
On earth . . .
And dream
Of heaven.

I am as restless
As the seas
And yet
As still
As a mighty
Tree.
I am all
Light,
Yet
Often
I live
In utter
Darkness!
Lightless
And bleak,
I am.
A contradiction
To myself.

Poor Phil—
Poor Mike

By Theresa Davis

Casa De Nuestra Senora, Winslow, Arizona — The telephone operator, in a bright cheery voice, wakes us up with a short ring. "Good morning! It's 5:45." With this jolt we get our start. One of us dashes to start the car. If it runs until we are ready to leave for Mass at 6:30 we know it will run for another day. We start every day like a suspense story. We never know whether this is doomsday.

After Mass and breakfast, we study Spanish for a half hour. In two years we have finally reached lesson 20. What we know, we know well. Now we can converse with each other in sentences of 6 to 7 words. If I ever said to Cathy "Quiere ir downtown conmigo" she'd know exactly what I meant.

Three or Four?

Then it's cleaning time and the three girls all pitch in. Cathy takes the kitchen, Rae Jean the living room and I the bedroom. The conversation goes something like this. "Who left this package on the book shelf?" or "Who left the catechetical material on the dresser?" It's never one of us, so we figure that there is a 4th Staff Worker in this house that no one has met yet.

With these routine jobs done, each one of us goes about her business.

Cathy usually goes to her office in a little abode hut near the Casa. She has a problem. Two buildings have to be erected: one the new Casa, a bigger center for our activities, and the other a place to house the boys of this Apostolate. She began begging by letter, by articles, by phone, by lectures. Of course she squeezes in many other activities in-between.

She teaches Catechism, directs the Children of Mary group who meet weekly, visits homes — finding a house for a family of nine — helping another get Welfare — making up a food box for another until the cheque arrives from Welfare.

Cathy and Staff add the extra touches required for special feast days. On St. Joseph the Worker's feast day, we mimeographed little cards to remind the parish of the great day, and ask the men to bring their tools to be blessed before Mass in the evening. Because it was also the first day of May, we needed cut flowers to present to Our Lady during the Rosary before Mass. We called dozens of homes. Anyone who grew a blade of grass, received a call from us.

The Home Girl

Rae Jean, nurse, librarian, cook, and bottlewasher, spends most of the day at the Casa. She admits people to the clothing room, answers the doorbell and the phone. To-day was a little different for her though. A phone call rushed her to a scene of misery. The mother was sick in bed. The father had cut his back with a double-edged axe when it caught on the clothesline on the up-swing. One of the children had the flu, with a temperature of 103, and the other had an infected throat.

Ordinarily she does Legion visiting, keeps a dozen little girls busy doing work she will have to redo herself, fits words to Gelineau psalm tones or patches holes in little boys' knees.

I am in charge of the Catechetical department. This involves teachers' meetings, the preparation of classes, the gathering of the visual aids, and other materials for all the teachers. In our weekly teachers' meetings we discuss the discipline problems, the attendance (these children attend classes after school on their own initiative) the techniques of teaching effectively . . . the stress is always on our own sanctification . . . the secret of real effectiveness.

Milking Gold

We delight in repeating the funny things the kids say or do. It's answers like the following that keep the teachers humble. In the grade 2 class, the teacher was reviewing the lesson on Moses. "What did Moses see when he came down the mountain with the 10 Commandments?"

All the kids screaming: "A golden cow."

"Yes. And what were the people doing?"

Juanita: "Milking it."

In the afternoon, I juggle myself back and forth from Coopersburg to Southside, one mile away — dashing from a 2:30 class in Coopersburg to a 3:30 and a 4:15 class in Southside. There are other teachers who help in this program — 15 others to be exact. However, there is never a day

that goes by that one can't teach for some reason or another. This would not present a problem if I had bilocation. Yesterday, trilocation was needed. Two teachers couldn't teach.

Confirmation comes under the heading of Catechetics. One week after Easter, 85 of our children were confirmed. Confirmation is very important to the Spanish-speaking people. Padrinos and Madrinas (sponsors) are imported, often from hundreds of miles away. The Confirmation ceremony is followed by a big dinner.

Busy? A Little!

From our point of view it involves extra classes, checking of each sponsor to make sure he is a Catholic in good standing. Measuring every child for Confirmation robes, typing and writing innumerable lists of the children's names, their sponsors' names, their age, their Baptismal dates, etc., to be given to the Bishop, for the Pastor's records, for the child's records, and for anybody else who keeps records.

Confirmation here was thrilling to behold: 85 new soldiers of Christ robed in white for purity and red for blood.

Meanwhile, back in Coopersburg, Phil has just completed his morning bus run. The bus has a flat tire. Phil fixes it and starts on his next chore, cleaning the church kitchen. He answers the phone.

"Hello, Phil, the Studebaker has a flat." (That's the Casa car.)

Phil cheerfully walks over to Southside and fixes it. Walks back. Father arrives. The truck has a flat. Phil fixes it.

It's dinner time. No the kitchen didn't get cleaned. After spiritual reading, Phil starts on his 2 hour afternoon bus run. Waiting for him on his last run, is his grade 6 catechism class. After a lesson on "it's the same little things you do that count," he drives his class home and prepares for his Boy Scout meeting after supper.

Want a Job?

But first—"Phil, will you empty the garbage? Not another peal will fit in it!" This means a trip to the city dump. There is no garbage collection in Southside.

Successfully, three times in a row, Phil has made a square knot. So now he is ready for his Boy Scout meeting. He picks up the boys, chairs the meeting, and drives them home. He decides to drop in at the Casa to relax with his ever-lovin' family — maybe have a cup of coffee — talk over the joys of the day!

This is the picture that meets his eye. Thirteen ladies sitting around a table quilting for the poor. These generous Indian ladies meet every week at the Casa for their work of love.

"Hi, Phil. Gee we're glad you came over. Would you pick up a couple of boxes of clothes in town? The lady said she'd be out all day tomorrow."

"Poor Phil!"

Now Phil — our Phil Knight — has been transferred to Madonna House. It has been inspiring working with him.

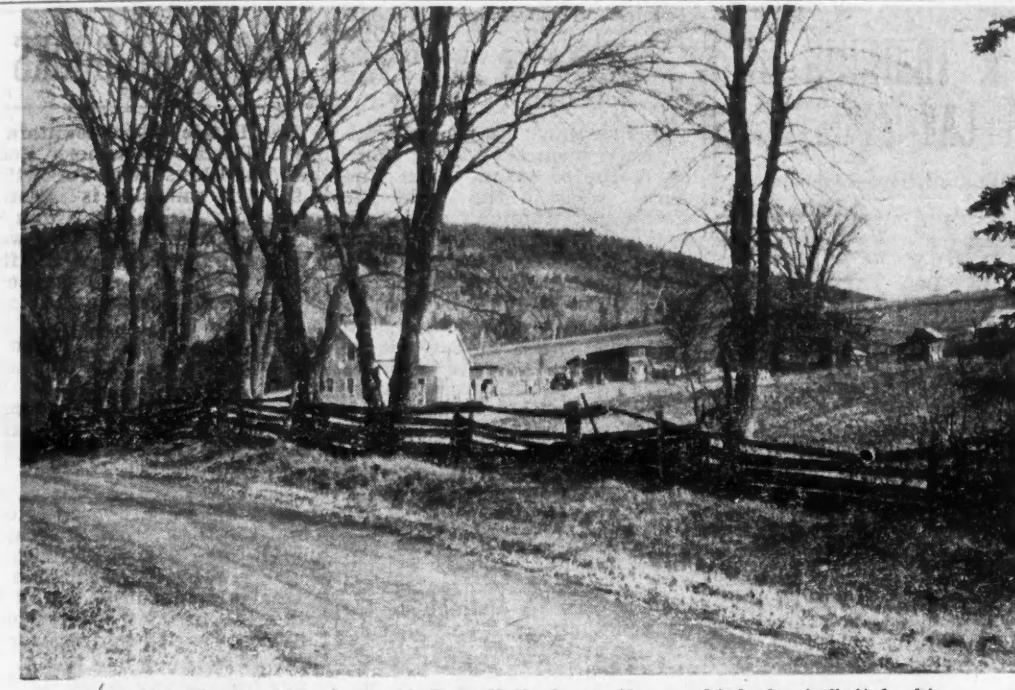
Welcome Mike Lopez!

"Poor Mike!"



ST. ANTHONY

RESTORATION



From this sloping hill of our St. Benedict's Acres the world looks infinitely big.

God and
Neighbor

By Rev. Paul Marx, D.S.B.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy whole heart, with thy whole soul, and with thy whole strength, and with thy whole mind; and thy neighbor as thyself." (Lk. 10, 27)

Our Divine Savior gave us really only two commandments: to love God first of all, with every fibre of our being; and to love our neighbor as ourself for God's sake. All we must do to achieve eternal happiness is summed up in the one word—LOVE! Well did St. Augustine say: "Love, and do what you will." For, if we truly love God, we will seek to do only what pleases Him, and if we wish to do only what pleases Him, we will sacrifice ourselves for our neighbor too, for he belongs to God.

Love, then, comprises the whole of morality, for we are only asked to love. Charity, which is another word for 'love', is the most excellent and the most sanctifying of the virtues; it embodies all the virtues, causing all their actions to converge upon God, giving us an appetite for things spiritual and inclining us to imitate God, whom St. John has so correctly defined as "charity" (I, 4, 8).

Charity and Order

In charity all other virtues find their perfection. Charity is sufficient of itself; without it nothing suffices: "If I distribute all my goods to feed the poor," said St. Paul, "and if I deliver my body to be burned, yet do not have charity, it profits me nothing" (I Cor. 13, 3). Through supernatural love for God and neighbor we reduce all our divers activities to a harmonious unity, which brings order into our lives, and this order enables us, as the Apostle put it, "to walk worthily of God and please Him in all things, bearing fruit in every good work and growing in the knowledge of God" (Col. 1, 10).

What is love? Love may be defined as an impulse or tendency of the soul towards what is good. Now, God is infinite goodness. He is infinitely lovable. He is the Source and Author of everything the Creator of our body and soul and Bestower of everything we need and could legitimately want. That is why we are told to love Him and all that belongs to Him above everything and with our whole being, and to love nothing except in its relation to God. Throughout our life we must increase in this love of God; we can never love Him too much; in fact, the proper measure of love for Him is to love Him without measure! Our Lord was very frank in telling us who loves Him: "He that hath My Commandments and keepeth them, he it is that loveth Me" (Jn. 16, 21).

It Is Easy To Love

Nor is it difficult to love. It is never hard to do that for which we were made—and we were made to love God. In fact, to love is the simplest and most spontaneous of acts. Everything we do springs in some way from our love, for, as St. Thomas points out, love is the first movement of our soul and the impelling force of ALL other movements. Hence the supreme importance of loving God with a humble, sincere, wholehearted and genuine love! We have no trouble falling in love with the exquisite beauty of the lily in the field, or with that friend of ours who, imbued with true Christian charity, is ready and willing to suffer excruciating pain to keep

us from harm. But how much more beautiful is God than the lily, which is only a dim shadow of God's beauty! How much more is God our Friend, who sent His Own Divine Son to save us from eternal damnation; from whom comes the whole of beautiful creation! Every moment of our lives should be a direct gift from Him; every moment of our lives should we increase in our love for Him. Holy Job could never understand what God saw in the creature that He should demand love from him!

Of course, we cannot love God without loving our neighbor. Our neighbor is a child of God, a co-heir with us; he belongs to God and is loved by Him; Christ died for our neighbor too. Because we love our neighbor only in so far as he reflects the divine perfections, it is really God we love in our neighbor.

Love One Another

We know only too well who is our neighbor, but we know just as well how often we fail to treat him as a brother in Christ. Much too often we turn away from a certain person, fail to help him in his need, refuse to say that kind word in his sorrow—all this for no more reason than that he does not appeal to our fickle nature. It is so easy to forget Our Lord's words: "By this will all men know that you are my disciples, if you have love for one another." (Jn. 13, 33).

In the early centuries the pagans used to say of the Christians: "See how they love one another."

What a changed world we would live in if suddenly every man loved his neighbor as himself! There would be no selfishness, no war, no strikes, no quarrels, no slander, no backbiting; instead, peace would rule in every nation and family. But this would require that our love for our neighbor be something like God's love for us—totally disinterested and selfless. God, being totally self-sufficient, gains nothing by loving us; on the other hand, how often do we love others because thereby we get something? St. Ambrose has words to the point: "For to be hospitable to those able to return your hospitality is to be moved by avarice." And in the Scriptures we read: "For if you love those who love you, what reward shall you have? Do not even the publicans do that?" (Mt. 5, 47)?

Remember that Our Lord considers Himself the beneficiary of our charity: "As long as you did it to one of these my least brethren, you did it to me" (Mt. 25, 40). Think of it—a glass of water given to the shabbiest beggar, out of love for God has recordings in eternity!

Love makes all our work and duties easy. St. Augustine expressed this beautifully when he said: "As our love, so our burden." Our Lord's words over the sinful Magdalene should ever console and urge us to good works for our neighbor: "Wherefore I say to thee, her sins, many as they are, shall be forgiven her, because she has loved much." (Lk. 7, 47)

Hence, in imitation of Christ, let us too go about doing good; occasionally let us deny ourselves and give to our neighbor, to the poor, what we would keep for ourselves.

A LOVE LETTER

(Continued from Page One) channel, and the colors it made in those little falls. In some places the water was black or dark blue. Just above the rocks it turned into a rich rusty wine—like that used in the Mass. In the sun, the rapids had all the rainbow's glory. And in the white swirling lace among the rocks I fancied I could see, now and then, the swift glimpse of an angel's wing. (Lord, do the angels have wings, or is it merely an artist's idea that they do? I remember there was a six-winged Seraph that visited St. Francis. But he may have been an exception.)

Like a Goat

A long long time I stayed there, staring Lord, while Father Briere, with capricious agility, sped up this or that little knoll to see what he could see. I said to myself; "I am like this narrow channel into which Almighty God so violently sends the overwhelming tumult of His love. He flings Himself against me, but I resist Him—like those rocks resist the water."

I asked You, God, to smash the resisting forces in me and wash them away so that I might be filled with You, might no longer be part rock, part stream; part me, part You, might be entirely You. But then I thought of something else.

That flood of water battering the staunch rocks could be the temptations of the world trying to occupy the whole channel of my being. In that case, Lord, I wanted the rocks to remain strong; and to keep resisting until the end of time—the end of breath for me.

Your Frothy Friend

I made a fumbling effort to meditate properly on the last decade; but there is little concentration in me, and I drifted back to the Bonnechere rapids. I was, I decided, neither rock nor river, but merely the froth born of their conflict—"less than the scum beneath Thy heavenly feet"—yet I wanted to be a mighty torrent of fresh water rushing through a God-thirsty world, singing of Your love and Your beauty and Your mercy and Your almighty power! Forgive me, Lord, for the fool I am—and help me to be less frothy.

The days are long, Lord, in this Your summer time. But the stars come out, be the darkness late or early. They are strings of Rosary beads. I cannot count them. I couldn't count them even if I lived a thousand years and spent every moment of every night with a telescope in one hand and an adding machine beneath the other. Yet I don't have to count them, God, in order to set a prayer on them—Your great worlds and Your little ones!

I put an Ave on each one, an Act of love, a word of thanks, and a plea for mercy on this one small world that gives You so much trouble. I put my name on every grain of light, seen and unseen in Your heavens. And my love goes with my name. Yet that is still froth compared to the oceans of Your love for me and mine.

Your Eddie.

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